THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem Reading Room

IMMANENCE.

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord;
Not borne on morning wings
Of majesty; but I have set my feet
Amidst the delicate and bladed wheat
That springs triumphant in the furrowed sod.
There do I dwell, in weakness and in power;
Not broken or divided, said our God!
In your straight garden plot I come to flower;
About your porch my vine,
Meek, fruitful, doth entwine;
Waits at the threshold, Love's appointed hour.

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord;
Yea, on the glancing wings
Of eager birds, the soft and pattering feet
Of furred and gentle beasts, I come to meet
Your hard and wayward heart. In brown bright eyes
That peep from out the brake, I stand confest.
On every nest.
Where feathery Patience is content to brood
And leaves her pleasure for the high emprise
Of motherhood—
There does my Godhood rest.

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord;
My starry wings
I do forsake,
Love's highway of humility to take;
Meekly I fit my stature to your need.
In beggar's part
About your gates I shall not cease to plead—
As man, to speak with man—
Till by such art
I shall achieve my immemorial plan;
Pass the low lintel of the human heart.

—Evelyn Underhill.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

A CALL FOR MORE SIMPLICITY.

Mayor Wilson of Berkeley exploded a bomb in the midst of the arrangements a few days ago for a banquet at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco under the direction of the Associated Charities. After writing that he had not sufficient salary as mayor to afford "to dine with the social class that can squander three dollars on one meal," Mr. Wilson expressed the conviction that "it is time that people with an awakened Christian conscience should cease to dine ostentatiously with Dives while Lazarus lies hungry at the gate." Saying that he was led by a sense of propriety and Christian consistency to decline the invitation Mr. Wilson added:

"The supreme reason which I offer for not accepting your invitation to this banquet is that there is something positively vulgar and ostentatiously pagan in the spectacle of a group of citizens of a twentieth century city sitting down to a $3 banquet while pictures are being shown displaying the hunger of the poor. For the press describes it, 'Charity wrokers to see at dinner how needy families live, pictures illustrating battle with poverty and sickness in the homes of San Francisco's poor will be shown to the banqueters.' "

Commenting on Mayor Wilson's letter of declination, a copy of which was furnished by him to the press, the president of the Associated Charities says: This banquet cost the Associated Charities nothing. It is paid for by each person who attends. Attendance is hard to secure at a day meeting, and by a dinner we get many here who otherwise would never appear."

Of course such banquets are paid for by the persons in attendance and entail no expense on the society. But that is not the point. And undoubtedly many will go to a banquet or dinner who would not go otherwise. But that does not make the affair any more Christian than it would be otherwise. We are of the opinion that there is considerable in justification of Mayor Wilson's attitude; and when we consider that while they were partaking of the good things on the tables before them pictures of people and homes in need and distress were to be displayed, it is not surprising that a man of Mr. Wilson's character should regard the whole thing as pagan rather than Christian.

Writing not long ago of the things which affect the more thoughtful people of today in the manner of their living Dr. David Beaton said that, "one is the contrast presented by the abundant and luxurious tables of the wealthy, and the hunger and destitution in many homes of the poor." Dr. Beaton is emphatic in the assertion that it is no sufficient answer to say that much of this is due to vice on the part of the poor themselves, misfortunes, or economic conditions over which the rich, as individuals, have no control. "Nor is it material to say that much of the expenditure of the rich in dress, table and equipage, goes to the benefit of trade."

Let us take it for granted that no one interested or likely to be interested in the work of the Associated Charities in San Francisco had any control of the conditions which put people in need. Nevertheless the call to them and to every one having the welfare of humanity at heart is for greater simplicity in all the affairs of life.

Life is now made to consist too much of the things which people eat and wear.

SOME SUGGESTIVE FIGURES.

The statistics of the churches of the United States for 1912, gathered and published by Dr. Carroll, show a gain of 120,841 members for the fifteen different Baptist organizations. The number of Baptist communicants in 1912 was 5,894,232.

The twelve Presbyterian bodies, with a total membership of 1,981,949, had a gain of 37,768.

The sixteen Methodist bodies, with a total membership of 6,905,095, gained 85,622.

The Disciples of Christ, called also "Christians," had a gain of 32,711, the total membership being 1,340,887.

The gain of the Congregational churches was estimated at 3,589, the returns for 1912 not yet being ready. The total number of Congregational communicants is given as 742,350.

Twenty-three different Lutheran bodies, with total communicants to the number of 2,353,702, had a gain of 63, 805.

The gain in the Protestant Episcopal Church was 23,-921, the number of communicants being 980,851.

The United Brethren Church had a gain of 9,987, the membership being 301,448.

The Latter Day Saints, the Utah and the Reorganized branch, had a gain of 34,976, that of the Utah Branch being 29,126. The total membership of the Utah Branch is given at 296,000.

The estimate for the Roman Catholic Church is a gain of 125,233 and of total communicants 12,888,466.

Seven different Eastern Catholic bodies reported 434,-000 members and a gain of 10,000.

The Unitarian membership is given as 70,542, and no gain is reported. There was a loss of sixteen churches. There are only 476 Unitarian churches in the United States.

For the Universalists the figures are: 51,716, there being a decrease of 1,332 and a decrease of 177 in the number of churches. Of Independent Universalists a membership of 48,673 was reported.

The figures for Christian Scientists were 85,096 members. The churches number 1,230, a decrease of 76.

The Orthodox Friends reported 900 churches with a membership of 100,568, a gain of 1,420.

For 2000 Spiritualist churches a membership of 200,000 was reported.

The Seventh Day Adventists had in 1912 a membership of 65,284, the gain being 44. The churches numbered 1,860. There was a marked difference between the number of churches and the number of ministers, the latter being 534.

Of the larger denominations the Disciples or "Christians," show the greatest difference between the number of churches and the number of ministers—9,818 churches and only 5,954 ministers.

The Methodist Church, with its inherited circuit-riding system, does not show so great a contrast, the number of churches being 61,027; the number of ministers, 42,849.

For Presbyterians the figures are: Churches, 16,776; ministers, 13,576. For Congregationalists: Churches, 6,070; ministers, 6,125. Baptists: Churches 56,918; ministers, 41,419.

The much larger number of churches than of ministers in the "Christian" body is to be accounted for because of the feeling for long prevalent in that religious body that no community was properly churched until it had a "Christian" church. Accordingly classes were organized here and there and everywhere with no expectation that they could have more than an occasional preaching service, but to come together every Lord's day in some country school house or some town hall, for the breaking of bread. Possessed with the idea that it was their mission to restore primitive Christianity to the world, many of these organizations long showed remarkable vitality. More recent years have dissipated this special mission idea to considerable extent and the disposition now is to organize only where proper nurture can be given.

It is noteworthy that the net gain of all the Methodist Churches of the United States, with a total membership of 6,905,095, was much less than that of the Baptist bodies with a membership of 5,894,232. The figures being for the Methodists 85,622; for the Baptists, 120,841.

The Presbyterian bodies with a membership not quite three times that of the Congregational had a net gain more than ten times the Congregational.

We have not had time to figure the per cent of gain for each denomination, but our judgment is that the "Christians" and the Baptists have had the highest percentages of gain among the larger bodies. If this be so, the present writer has a friend back in Indiana who will add this to his large stock of arguments that all the world is some day to be brought to a belief in and an acceptance of immersion as the only mode of baptism.

The net gain of all the denominations in 1912 was much less than it was in 1911, the figures being 859,389 for 1911, and only 579,852 for 1912.

PRAYER FOR COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES.

Sunday, February the 9th and the preceding Thursday are days of prayer for colleges and universities in the Presbyterian Church.

Secretary Cochran of the Board of Education states that there are students in the higher educational institutions in the United States to the number of 301,000 and says they are "thrown into a coldly critical atmosphere and are tempted to look at all religious matters from the sceptical viewpoint." However he points out that the student class was never more open to the frank consideration of religious problems and the claims of Jesus Christ. Even the literati of China are studying the place of Christ in the life of the world. In a call to prayer Dr. Cochran says: "Thousands of students will graduate from our institutions of learning next summer without professing Christ, and the chances are that they never will become Christians if they do not decide when they are in college. These years are critical years. Let us make this day a real, genuine and earnest day of prayer for students who are preparing for leadership in all walks of life. Let us make the leaders Christian and our nation will become Christian."

TWO EVANGELISTIC METHODS CONTRASTED.

The Rev. Conrad Bluhm of Spokane, Washington, writes in The Pacific Presbyterian of an evangelistic campaign now going on in that city and of the one just being launched by the Rev. Dr. House. We quote in part:

The Stephen Brothers' Evangelistic Party are wintering in Spokane's wilderness of sin. They have adopted the Chapman theory of districts, changing the simultaneous feature to processional attack.

These men of God have grouped this city of 125,000 into five sections of 25,000 each. They visit these sections one at a time with series of five weeks' meetings. As we write they are midway in the third division. The tabernacle seating nearly 2,000 is of a movable type. Two weeks are allowed for moving and re-erection, which time the evangelists invest in personal rest from their vigorous labors. To call this the Spokane plan might be challenged by the reader as nothing really new. But you will agree there is novelty in the situation when the Stephens meetings are put into juxtaposition with those now launching, by the Rev. Dr. Elwin Lincoln House, pastor of the Westminster Congregational Church. This church is called "Westminster" because a few years back a swarm of Presbyterians from the mother hive of the First Church lit in the boughs of the Congregational tree.

In themes psychological Dr. House is well read. He has in grasp the gist of Christian Science, of Psychotherapy, Emmanuelism, Faith Healing, and is not a novice upon the theories of Hindu and other cults. In addition Dr. House is a forceful speaker, having the physical equipment for oratorical effect.

The plan of Dr. House includes sixteen afternoon lectures covering his philosophy, and takes as many evening evangelistic sermons along the usual lines, safely classed as "orthodox." His philosophy falls into three heads, the conscious, the sub-conscious and the super-conscious. The latter claimed to be original with him, is the flower and apex of his intellectual and spiritual conclusion. The lectures are to unfold this philosophy and show that evangelistic results are obtainable, according to individual training and temperament, from each of the three divisions of his tenets. These lectures are to be printed after further revision.

This plan, as conceived by Dr. House, is having its initial stand in the First Methodist Church.The next effort is to be in the Methodist church in Pasadena. Following that, the lectures and sermons are to be given in the larger centers of America, as the doctor plans this as his future work.

Both the House and Stephens meetings are drawing good crowds. But very different crowds. The former meetings are keyed more for the intellectual, the latter for the "common people." The former audience is charmed by the graces of diction, the splendid periods, the climaxes, the cold, hard-headed reasoning, and the deep thought. On

the other hand, the Stephens meetings proclaim the old Gospel by anecdote, story and parable, much after the Moody method of fifty years ago.

So different in method, yet dealing with the same substance, is there any difference in results? In this age of fads and fancies the query is quite in keeping with the studious mind. A local clergyman, a man of wide experience and observation, attended each of these series on successive nights. Of the House meetings he said he had always favored that style of approach to the Gospel, the intellectual approach, but after the meeting people simply spoke in praise of the man's ability as a thinker and speaker. There were no converts at the time, and no one had been impressed to a new declaration of his relationship to God or man. They had been instructed, entertained, and worthily so.

At the Stephens meeting this critic on the next night heard story after story on the power of Christ to save from sin. The stories were interwoven with sound reasoning and arguments which made the whole a fabric of real power. A score of converts went down the sawdust trail that night deeply moved in the inner life. Some of these were men who by their faces showed they had weathered the indulgence of sin many long years. Some were in the prime of manhood, intelligent, strong, self-possessed.

When Cicero finished an oration his auditors arose in applause of the man, saying, "Mighty orator." When Demosthenes finished, his listeners arose with clinched fists saying, "Now! let's go and fight Philip."

Something like that would appear to be the difference in the two plans of evangelization now operating in Spokane. Yet the House meetings have their reward. There is claim for physical healing; some have declared they were "mentally" saved. The doctor maintains the Son of God, Christ, is the sum total of his lectures and sermons.

ANOTHER BOOKLET FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Editor "The Pacific":—

Another friend from Southern California has sent me a booklet. This time it is Dr. I. M. Haldeman's criticism of Prof. Rauschenbusch's "Christianity and the Social Crisis." I have replied substantially as reported below. But before giving my letter, allow me to make a quotation or two from Haldeman in order to show his views of the world, the church and the Kingdom of God. He says: "The mission of the church in this age is not to save society, make it better and set up a spiritual kingdom. . . ." "The church is here as the ark was in the days before the flood, a witness of the world's condemnation, a warning of judgment to come. . . ." "The church is not in the world as an abiding and premanent thing for this age. Christianity has its time limit and will come to an end. . . ." "The church as a body will be taken out of the world. . ." "The terminus . . . of the church is not the evolution of a social condition, but the repudiation of a condition." "The age in which we live . . . is not an age for the setting up of the kingdom of heaven, but an age for the taking out of a people for the divine name." The work of the church in this age is not to save society . . ." "The world is as a ship pounding to pieces on the rocks. . . The church is a life-saving service on the shore. . . ." "To turn the church away from individual salvation, . . . and to give it the rallying cry of social betterment as an expression of the larger Christianity, is to lead the church to sure and certain disaster." Such is Haldeman's philosophy, and such is his gospel;—or shall I say, absence of gospel? Do you wonder that I have been moved to reply to my friend substantially as follows?

I thank you for the privilege of reading Haldeman's review of "Christianity and the Social Crisis." Still his whole cast of mind is foreign to my thinking. I can neither sympathize with his views, nor account for such blindness to the light which is noon-day to me. Haldeman begins with a mechanical view of inspiration, and then proceeds with a literalistic interpretation of scripture. He ends with a pessimistic interpretation of human history. With his premises and method, of course there can be no common ground even for an argument between us. His God, his Bible, and his Christ are not mine. They are vastly and vitally different from mine. They are so different that the greatness and glory are gone, and there is left no gospel to grip a world and grapple with worldliness until the evil shall be overcome by the good. There is left no world-movement of righteousness. Rather is humanity in general a rotten wreck which no evangel can rehabilitate. An occasional elect soul can be saved from a watery grave by the life-line; but in the main, ship and crew and all on board are doomed. And saddest of all, the Christ who taught us to pray, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth," is made responsible for this picture and pathos of defeat. But to my mind there can be no derelict world with the Captain of our salvation on board.

Such a thinker as Haldeman could never understand Rauschenbusch, for he does not live in the same universe,—nor with the same God. He surely waits the breaking of another shell; he needs to be born anew to see Rauschenbusch's kingdom of God,—to see what most of us conceive to be Christ's kingdom of heaven. Men have to be born anew out of prejudice and preoccupation as well as out of overt sin. There are modern Nicodemuses, who, like the one of Christ's day, are not individually bad, but yet are socially belated. While measurably correct in personal habits, they are nevertheless "castaways" in the creative kingdom of heaven. Haldeman's whole outlook on human history and world civilization is beggarly and without horizons; it is, to my thought, dead set against the spirit of the Lord's Prayer and of the Sermon on the Mount. I glory in the spirit of these great passages rather than in the letter of isolated texts. You can prove almost anything by a patchwork of proof-texts, wrested from their context. But what we seek is "the mind of the Master." Christ gave us no code, nor creed, nor itemized program; but he did give us a mighty purpose and a majestic passion for a new heaven and a new earth wherein should dwell righteousness. But bound by a belitting theory of interpretation, Dr. Haldeman does not feel the reach nor see the vision and perspective of the growing providence of God in world history.

Prof. Rauschenbush may not be inerrant in some particulars of exegesis, but in the large he is moving with the prophets and is keeping step with the Master on the King's highway. Probably no book of the century so far has received so high an appraisal by the Christian world generally as has his "Christianity and the Social Crisis." This man marches in the forefront of the men of faith who are actually creating a Christian citizenship. If this new citizenship is not the social fulfilment of the gospel, then what is it? If this campaign of brotherhood and of betterment is not the advance to victory of the evangel of Jesus, then what else can it be? If the prophecy of "peace on earth and good will among men" is not to find its realization in such persons and such propaganda, what hope can we have for the success of the unearthly and ex-

clusive heaven of men like Haldeman? Unless God's heaven is a side issue, and Christ's kingdom is a side show, Rauschenbush must be right. But if pietism and pessimism go hand in hand, then there is something wrong with our devotions. Only optimists can worship God in the temple of the new humanity, where the Elder Brother leads us all in the great prayer, "Our Father; Thy kingdom come." In spite of the despair of men like Haldeman, Jesus of Nazareth is still conquering and to conquer until "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

Yours in the cheer of the promise that the knowledge of the glory of God is yet to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea,

Fraternally,

ARTHUR B. PATTEN.

MARY KONOVSKY'S WAGE.

Among the stories of striking mill operatives at Little Falls told to the Commissioners of Mediation and Arbitration for the State of New York, that of a girl whom I shall call Mary Konovsky was the most impressive in many ways says a writer in the New York Sun. This young woman swore to the following statement, rendered into English by an interpreter:

"My name is Mary Konovsky, I am twenty-two years old. I can speak no English nor can I read or write in that language. I was born in Russian Poland. I have been in this country three years. I was employed as a spinner in the X mill. I earned $6 a week. I live in a room with two other girls as poor as myself. For this room we pay $3 a week. We get our own breakfast and have dinner at a restaurant. When working we took our lunch with us to the mill and ate it there. I send no money home because I have none. I struck because my pay was too low. I want a raise of 15 per cent, and will return to work if I get that."

This testimony of Mary Konovsky has been published and republished throughout the country. In consequence thousands of kind-hearted people have grieved over the pitiable condition of this poor Polander and their hearts have ached for her and her fellow strikers. The more sensational publications have held up to the execration of mankind the heartless, sordid manufacturers who paid such poor wages.

With your permission and through your courtesy I would like to say a few words directly to these sympathetic people. Ladies and gentlemen, Mary Konovsky stands before the commissioners. Have a look at her. She is a poor human creature born and bred in poverty and misery, uneducated, untrained, stolid, stupid but possessed of an immortal soul and eager for the betterment of her condition. She wants $6.90 a week and will be satisfied with that amount. Her former employer, a manufacturer who has a large factory, representing an investment exceeding a million dollars who is the agent of the stockholders of his company, all of whom demand that he run this factory at a profit, says outspokenly:

"I will pay Mary Konovsky $6 a week, and this is more than she is worth. She has no industrial training of any kind. All she is fit for is to mind a spinning frame and when the delicate threads break tie the ends together. Her fingers are very clumsy at this and she makes a great deal of waste. I even have to get her a little machine to place on her fingers to tie these ends, for the machinery is much cleverer than she. American girls of her own age in my factory are making from $10 to $14 a week. I had rather pay Mary three times her wages if she were of proportionate value to me. Unwittingly she has made me appear before my fellow-men a grinder down of the poor. She has injured my character and that of my mill. I will take her back if she wants to come, but really I don't want her. I want trained, educated girls if I can get them. There she stands. Her services are for sale at $6.90 a week."

You have heard the despised employer of labor, kind ladies and gentlemen. The services of Mary Konovsky are for sale. He bids $6 a week. What will you bid? You, mistress housewife, with tender eyes, will you pay more than $6 a week for Mary?

"No," you say. "She cannot speak English. She is a mere peasant; knows nothing of the mechanism of a modern kitchen. I don't want her."

You, Mr. Storekeeper, what will you give? You could not use her services? She would not be able to stand behind your counter and sell goods? She is unprepossessing and uncouth? She cannot Speak English? And what is this you say.

"I cannot afford to pay $6 a week for girl clerks."

We pass you up for a kind gentleman who, perhaps, gushed unthinkingly. Come on all the rest of you, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, politicians, editors, what will you bid for the services of Mary Konovsky?

She wants only $6.90 a week. For God's sake gentlemen, don't let the cruel mill get her again. Take her into your homes, into your offices, into your studies, give her a chance in the world. You cry all together, "We don't want her. We have no use for her, but make that mill man pay her a living wage. She has our sympathies, but you can see plainly we cannot employ her."

And you over there by the door, leaning against each other in sweet accord, you two, Mr. Labor Agitator and Mr. Yellow Journalist, come up here and look at Mary. She wants a living wage. Will you give it to her?

"No," you snarl back at me, "we won't give it to her, but we will get it for her. We will bring mankind down to the level of Mary Konovsky where she will have an equal opportunity in a fair competition of hands and brains."

And now you Mr. Commissioner, you are last of all, you who love to investigate your fellows; speak up like a man and make us a bid for Mary. Not a peep out of you? It really looks as if it were up to Mary to choose between the river and the mill.

Is there a true lesson in this letter? Are we not a nation of hypocrites, a race loving to pluck at the beam in our brother's eye, being blind ourselves?

SOME MEDIAEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

Whither Now? ....

I had left the Isthmus and was ready to begin life anew, but where? The call from California was loud and persistent. The A. S. F. Society formally changed my commission from Panama to San Francisco, and on May 15, 1858, I took the decisive step of putting my worldly goods on board a sailing ship bound around the Horn, sent by favor of Wm. T. Coleman, of Vigilance Committee fame, freight free—a good beginning. On July 6th embarked with wife and child on a steamer bound to Aspinwall. Spent one day in scenes of my eight years of trying labor on the Isthmus, and on July 29, 1858, landed from the

steamer Sonora at the place of my God-appointed life-work, in San Francisco. A very few gave me a most cordial reception and said, "We have been praying for you."

But how and where were my labors to be? On Clark street, very near Pacific street wharf, was a very modest church building, erected for sailor's work by the efforts of a converted mate of a ship named Davis, who labored there till starved out and then entered the Baptist ministry. Then the Episcopalians tried their hand and failed. It had been vacant for some time, and by non-payment of rent (it stood on a water lot) had fallen into the hands of the lot owners. This they would lease on payment of back rents. So Mr. E. P. Flint, head of a Boston and San Francisco shipping firm, collected the sum needed and brought me the key of the redeemed house. So now I owned a church building.

With broom, hoe and shovel, and two sailors to aid me, the place was put in decent condition. By a bench set on end I climbed up into the belfry and surveyed my field. All around was desolation and squalor. All streets and buildings rested on piles and the tide flowed far inland. Not one decent building was anywhere near. All were one-story shacks—dwellings, petty shops and saloons, filled with mongrel races of human beings, who seemed to care for neither God nor man. Standing there with bared head I dedicated that sin-pervaded field to God, and in real faith claimed His strength for thorough renovation.

Before Sunday came, Mr. D. W. Bovee, a young man from Mr. Lacey's church, came to me with a request from his pastor for permission to open a Sunday-school, which, of course, I was glad to grant. So this was our opening service. There were five teachers and seven wild boys, and the teachers had their hands full. One boy climbed into the belfry, and carelessly stepping on the laths, came down into the church—lath, plaster and the boy in a pile—but no other damage was done. The next Sunday brought more teachers and more boys, with better conduct and better prospects. This school proved a great help to my work.

My first service was attended by twenty persons, half and half sailors and landsmen—"a good start to grow from"—and we grew; it was the smallest congregation I ever saw there. But this was not all my field. A mile away, on Rincon Point, stood a large brick building, four stories high, built by the U. S. Government for a marine hospital. Here, by permission, in addition to two preaching services in the Bethel, I preached once each Sunday to as many patients as would, without seats, lounge on the balcony. And in many wards there I found ample room for pastoral labor on week days. Many bright trophies of grace were won to Christ there as the days and months flew by. Then there were the ships, nearly all at anchor, for lack of wharf room. I think I have seen a hundred ships at anchor there at one time. A great many of these never went to sea again, their crews deserting them for the mines, and many of them had been sent here, hardly fit for sea at all, and were used for coal hulks and storage warehouses.

Here, then, was my field. For eight years I had worked in a cramped condition, but there was no lack of room or material. It was large enough for the strength of a giant and the zeal of a Paul. Even eloquent Wm. Taylor had got lost in it, and drifted away, and what could this stripling, David, do in it?

We gain happiness, here or hereafter, only as we create it here on the way.—Celia Parker Woolley.

THE "SHAKER" RELIGION OF THE INDIANS OF THE NORTHWEST.

Edwin L. Chalcraft.

The Indian Shakers of the North Pacific Coast have no connection with any other religious sect, and were not known as "Shakers" until a year or two after they began the peculiar practice giving rise to the name. The founder, John Slocum, a Mud Bay Indian, had considerable knowledge of Catholic customs and knew something of the Protestant religion. Taking from both such as met his approval, and using some ancient Indian beliefs and ceremonies, he interwove them into a new and strange doctrine to which he added the dreams and fancies coming to him at the time he was thought by the Indians to have ascended to heaven, and returned to earth to teach his people to lead better lives.

In the beginning, about 1882 or 1883, Slocum, whose life had been anything but exemplary, fell sick and apparently died. His immediate friends went into Olympia to purchase burial material, and while there a courier from the Slocum home arrived with the information that their friend had returned to life . Surprised and scarcely believing the story they returned to Mud Bay and found the message was true, and were further mystified by Slocum's statements that he had really died, and his spirit had been in heaven, where it was not permitted to remain because of the bad life he had led. He claimed that an angel met him, and said an Indian was not held as fully responsible for wrong living as a white man, because the white man could read the Bible and the Indian could not; and for this reason he would not be ordered down into hell, but would be allowed the choice of going there or returning to earth and teaching his people. Slocum accepted the latter, and the angel, after giving him a code of laws, supplemental to the Bible but based upon its teaching, returned his spirit to his body to begin work as a special prophet among his people. Slocum immediately began preaching a doctrine based upon personal purity, readily understood by the Indians and especially adapted to their needs.

The details of the Shaker movement prior to the winter of 1884 and 1885 is little known to others than the few Indians directly interested. During the early part of that winter John Smith, an officer in the Presbyterian Church at the Chehalis reservation, made an investigation of the new movement and became so much interested in its tenets, that he introduced it among his people. About the same time emissaries began work among the Congregational Indians on the Skohomish reservation. Meetings were held secretly in Indian homes and special effort was made to bring the members of the church under control of the new teachings, the leaders making strong use of the argument that, while the Bible was true and God intended it for Indian and white alike he pitied the Indian because he could not read and gave the revelation to Slocum to help them to an equal understanding with the white people. This reasoning appealed to the members of the church and most of them openly expressed their belief in Slocum, declaring that the inspiration they received from his teaching made them better people. They were reluctant to sever their connection with the Church that had brought Christian teaching to them, but the separation came and later the Shakers took steps to organize as a Church under the laws of the state of Washington.

The church building and the Sunday service of the more Christian-like Shaker congregation are apt to impress the

visitor favorably. He may find a poorly constructed house but it will have a steeple and bell. If there are any interior decorations, they will consist of cheap religious pictures, and a cross and candlesticks will be found back of the pulpit. The seats may be short and arranged so as to leave a large open space down the center of the room, where the more devout worshippers remain upon their knees during the service, crossing themselves occasionally. The singing will be from the gospel songs, translated into Indian or Chinook by the early missionaries; the prayer will be in Indian, and the preacher, unable to read, may quote a text from the Bible, taught him for the occasion by some one who can read.

But the Sunday and other devotional exercises are not all of this religion. There is another and darker part, sometimes called "night work" because the meetings are usually held at night in some Indian home. It is on these ocassions that the sick are doctored for their ills and converts to the Shaker faith are made. Remnants of the wild barbaric rites of the ancient Tomanamus still lingering in the minds of these people, combined with some more modern beliefs, are put into practice. Every act tends towards excitement. The weird Indian chant, the dance music, the frenzied dances, the ringing of hand bells and the rubbing of the patient's body to drive out sickness, or the evil spirit, as the case may be, and let in the new religion, all have a place and are sometimes continued through the night, or until the participants become exhausted.

The beliefs and ceremonies of the Shakers vary in different groups of Indians, and are more nearly in harmony with the Christian religion where the missionaries have had the most influence, which seems to bear out the thought that these people are still seeking the truth and may be ready for help when it comes to them in a way they can understand.

Note: These Indians of the northwestern states are capable of showing just as much loyalty to true Christianity as to the false Shakerism, provided the Gospel is placed before them in a way which makes it seem worth while. Rev. H . M. Foster, of Tahola, Washington, is conducting a mission among the Quinaielts. Thus far there are only six communicants in the little church, though the circle of adherents is quite large and the influence of the work is felt in even a larger way. In a recent report Mr. Foster says: "Last Wednesday night we held our prayer meeting at our house, as we always do, and had two rooms full of Indians. No bell was rung; the people simply remembered that it was prayer meeting night and came. After the meeting was over they wanted to sing some more, so they stayed and sang until they were all sung out. How they did enjoy it!"

WORK FARMS.

(Extract from the Forth-Coming Biennial Report of State Board of Charities and Correct'ons.)

The locking of men and women up in idleness for weeks and months is not conducive to their moral and physical health, nor does it best serve the interests of the state or county. The county jail and the city prison are not run upon conditions which make men better. They have been correctly called the primary schools in crime and the delegates to the International Prison Congress called our jail system a disgrace to civilization, and we admitted it with shame. For a description of the conditions prevailing in these jails, we refer to the back part of this report, under the subject of "County Jails." It is enough here to say that they are about as bad as they can be. In winter they are seriously overcrowded, some of them packed, illy ventilated, and unclean. The meals are served as one would feed his dog, and in some of them the quality is not much better. The prisoners associate together with nothing to do but study and plot crime, and discipline follows the line of least resistance or is administered by the prisoners themselves. The jailer is usually a man without experience, a political appointee, with no care except to keep his prisoners and draw his salary.

The importance of the matter will be better understood when we find that 12,712 prisoners served sentences in the county jails of the state last year, while only 1,232 were sentenced to state prisons. Ten persons, therefore, serve a sentence in the county jail to every one that serves a sentence in state prison.

There is a remedy for this, and one that is approved by penologists everywhere. That is the work farm, a farm sufficiently large to furnish food and labor for the prisoners sent there. Each county cannot establish such a farm, and one farm can easily be made to serve several counties. After full consideration, we believe four such farms can easily meet the demands of this state, and each one have less than 500 prisoners at any one time. There were in the jails on January 1st last 1210 men and 46 women, a total of 1,256 serving sentence. The number would be larger by March 1st. These farms could be made very largely self-supporting and an additional charge could be made upon each county for the care of the prisoners sent there at so much per head per day. The state would make the initial investment and establish and manage the institutions, but the cost of maintenance should be assessed against the counties benefited thereby. We anticipate that with careful management these farms would not be much more expensive than the present county jails, and they would be run under conditions that would make the men who go there better, and probably in the end stop the recidivist and save many from going later to state prison. These farms should be under state control, as under such control they can be more readily removed from the political influence, and especially the quadrennial change of sheriffs and jailers. These farms could be under the management of one board of managers, or a separate board for each farm.

LINCOLN.

Chained by stern duty to the rock of State,
His spirit armed in mail of rugged mirth,
Ever above, though ever near to earth,
Yet felt his heart the vulture beaks that sate
Base appetites, and, foul with slander, wait
Till the keen lightnings bring the awful hour
When wounds and suffering shall give them power.
Most was he like to Luther, gay and great,
Solemn and mirthful, strong of heart and limb,
Tender and simple, too; he was so near
To all things human, that he cast out fear,
And, ever simpler, like a little child,
Lived in unconscious nearness unto Him
Who always on earth's little ones hath smiled.

—S. Weir Mitchell.

A NEW FIELD AND ITS REWARDS.

Rev. William N. Price.

About 150 Painutes had come together that Sunday afternoon to witness the baptism of the handful of converts who were thus publicly to renounce the old ways and begin the new life, for baptism was a new thing to these Indians and many came to see what it was. After the preliminaries I came to administer the sacred ordinance. I asked the candidates to come forward and stand. Six men at once came out and then with some hesitation and embarrassment women and children came, until a score stood in that "thin red line."

There was much laughter and disorder on the part of those without and for the most part the twenty stood there greatly abashed among their mocking friends, but they stood. In spite of my admonitions and calls for sobriety of behavior the twenty were baptized amid the jeering of the rest and some of those who were baptized even laughed as the water was poured on their heads.

The missionary went away from the meeting in great depression. It was all a farce and he felt guilty of sacrilege. The work of conversion was surely altogether spurious. There had seemed to be no approach to anything like the serious impression baptism ought to make on those receiving it. The preacher even went home and asked God to forgive him for the service.

But as the weeks went by the missionary found that the same twenty were still standing and were living separated lives, and that the levity of the Indian upon sacred occasions is not always to be taken at its face value. On another occasion three little girls were baptized at the same place and at Round Valley fifteen were baptized after that. By this time there came to be a little more of seriousness.

A campmeeting was held at Bishop which resulted in sixteen accessions and the strengthening of the Church generally.

Within a month a great Indian war-dance was held. Gambling was rife and there was strong drink. Some, nearly half of the Christians fell. One had been drunk, others had gambled. Those were dark days that followed. My six elders who had not spotted themselves were very much discouraged and it looked as though the gates of hell were going to prevail. But, thanks be to God who always causes us to triumph. Satan did not succeed. The elders saw and counseled with the erring ones who for the most part owned their faults and returned to the fold. Now we seem to be stronger than ever spiritually.

Fifty miles down the valley are the Fort Independence Paiutes. Through one of the worst storms of Owen's Valley, with four Indians from Bishop, the missionary went to them. Many journeys to that band have been made. There is now among them a church with an average attendance of thirty at each service.

The Big Pine Piautes have been the hardest to capture. There has been among them much prejudice against the Christian way. The medicine men have held the Indians fast bound. The missionary has been malinged and much misrepresented by these same sinister persons. But the work at Big Pine took a new start about a year ago, when a bright young Indian who had been at the Government School at Carlisle started a Sunday school. Preaching services are held now and in our reports to the Board we are able to tell of baptisms and accessions to the Church.

Like every kind of work that is worth while, this service among the Paiutes of California offers many problems. The Indians live in close proximity to the whites. Many women serve during the day in white homes, while the men work on neighboring ranches. In the spring the Indians sometimes go off to shear sheep for six weeks and fall in with evil ways. Any holiday is demoralizing,—Sunday baseball especially,—the Indians having a team. Nevertheless the great majority of our Christians eschew the ball game and attend the "Christian meeting" which is held the same hour as the ball game. Some seem to have gone back to the world entirely. My people are still very elementary in their development and time and patience and much care and prayer are necessary.

At first I had much distrust of these Christians but time has proved that in most cases their staying qualities are superior to those of any white churches I have ever known. The elders are all men of good report, and are most exemplary. The blessing is asked at the table I think in most Christian homes and most of the men pray in public and will "prophesy" in the congregation if given the opportunity.

Yet there is much opposition among the Indians, springup mainly through the influence of the medicine men. The large numbers that came at first have fallen off, but as an offset the small number of believers is growing. We are now interested in church building and our members have agreed to give a dollar a month for a year.

Many of the services have been conducted out of doors,—often when the day was very cold. A guitar, violin and triangle have been used to much advantage in the singing.

Sometimes as I look into the faces of these Paiutes Christians and see reflected therein their changed lives and hopes, I myself have an apocalypse and I seem to hear a voice saying: "Wherefore both he that sanctifieth and they that are sanctified are all of one; for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." Neither am I.

THE CREATION STORY REVISED.

An article in the New York Tribune takes the position that Eve was not made from a rib of Adam; that the biblical story is based upon the performance of a great surgical operation, in which twins, similar to the modern Siamese twins, although of opposite sex, were parted and yet lived.

This theory was advanced by Dr. O. A. Toffteen, who lectured in one of the churches of that city recently. The Tribune article says:

The misconception, according to Dr. Toffteen, of the Adam and Eve story arises from a mistranslation of the Hebrew word "zela," meaning "side."

"It is true," he said, "that our Bible versions say that woman was built from a rib. Luther started this idea when he translated the 'zela' of the original Hebrew as 'rib,' and the English versions, including that of King James, followed him without question. The fact is that the Hebrew original means only 'side' or 'half.'

"The word 'zela' occurs forty times in the Hebrew text, and everywhere it means and is translated 'side' or half,' 'side of hill,' 'side of a tent pole,' 'side of a leaf,' 'half of a door,' 'half or division of an army.'

"The Greek version rendered zela 'pleura,' and St. Jerome chose 'costa' for it in his vulgate version. Both mean 'rib,' but only in a secondary sense. Both originally denote 'side,' like 'side of an army.'

"The reference to side or half taken from the man and built or made into a woman carries us back to an idea,

widespread among classical and Oriental peoples that man once existed in duplex form, and that at some time God bisected him.

"The term 'better half' is derived from this idea upon which our Bible story is founded and of which Plato makes Aristophanes give such an attractive account in 'Simposium.'

"Aristophanes tells of the origin of the love god Eros. He says the god first had four legs, four arms, two bodies and two heads. Jove, for disobedience, divided Eros, making him walk on two legs instead of one. The story was not intended as a joke and must necessarily have been based upon some instance of a simialr surgical operation in the ancient times.

"The Bible states a deep sleep was cast upon Adam. This meant an unnatural sleep. The early Egyptians knew the use of anesthesia. It is probable that at some time there was an operation performed upon a double-natured man and the two separate persons continued to live. This explanation, since from the text I have proved that men were living before Adam, might easily lead us to conclude that Adam was the man upon whom the operation was performed and Eve was his other half.

"Science is willing to admit that such a double-natured man could exist. Such beings have been born—for instance, the Siamese twins—and modern science cannot deny the possibility of a successful surgical operation of separation."

COMMON THINGS.

"Give me, dear Lord, thy magic common things,
Which all can see, which all may share—
Sunlight and dewdrops, grass and stars and sea—
Nothing unique or new, and nothing rare.

Just daisies, knapweed, wind among the thorns;
Some clouds to cross the blue of sky above;
Rain, winter fires, a useful hand, a heart,
The common glory of a woman's love.

Then, when my feet no longer tread old paths
(Keep them from fouling sweet things anywhere),
Write one old epitaph in grace-lit words:
"Such things look fairer that he sojuorned here."

Common little Wall Flower, blooming after all,
Blooming in the winter, springtime, summer, fall;
Teach thou me a lesson, common garden flower,
Teach my heart to blossom through the wintry hour.
If I learn thy lesson, carrolling I'll go,
And though death's all around me,
I'll blossom in the snow.

—Louis E. Scholl.

"Tis better to do with a will
The duties that come, one by one;
'Tis better to say
At the close of the day:
"I have tried to leave nothing undone."
"Tis better to smile though the heart
Be burdened with sorrow and pain;
'Tis better to smile,
For 'tis always worth while,
And we'll never pass this way again.

—Benjamin Keech.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Alameda First.—Two persons were received to membership recently.

San Francisco, Mission.—Five persons united with the church Sunday, four on confession. There were 180 in attendance at the communion service.

Oakland First.—Eleven persons united with the church last Sunday, three by profession of faith. Wednesday evening of last week five were received at the Chinese mission and two Sunday evening.

San Francisco, Ocean View.—The financial report of the Ocean View Church shows an expenditure of $3,464.79 from Nov. 1st, 1911, to Dec. 31st,. Of this amount, $1773 was for building and equipment.

Los Angeles, First.—At the morning service of Feb. 2 Dr. William T. McElveen, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Evanston, Ill., preached on the subject, "Life's Two Beatitudes." The time was sufficient for the consideration of only one of the beatitudes. Everybody hoped he would come again and speak to us about the other one. The twilight communion service was at 4 o'clock. Twenty-seven were received into the church. At the monthly dinner of the Brotherhood at 6:30 in the Social Hall, Dr. McElveen was the guest of the evening. He spoke on "Social and Moral Progress in Chicago."

Sunnyvale.—The church at Sunnyvale held their annual meeting on Jan. 3rd. The reports of each department of the work were very satisfactory and showed the church to be in good condition in spite of the fact that the church had been without a pastor for 3 months. After regular service on Sunday, Feb. 2, a congregational meeting was held and a unanimous call extended to the Rev. Franklin W. Keagy of East Bakersfield. The call was accepted and the new pastor began his pastorate the same evening. The people of the church feel a great relief at having a pastor again after a vacancy of four months.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle, Pilgrim.—Five persons were welcomed into membership at the January communion service.

Seattle.—Mrs Edward Lincoln Smith is visiting Seattle friends.

Malden.—A movement for a new church building has been inaugurated. During recent months 25 per sons have come into the membership of the church, 18 on confession.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Sunday afternoon at 3:30 a service in memory of Corrinna Darling Fisher, the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Miles B. Fisher, will be held in the North Berkeley Congregational Church.

The Rev. Walter Frear and Mrs. Frear will take the steamer for Honolulu Wednesday of next week for a visit with relatives—Governor Frear and others. They plan to return in April.

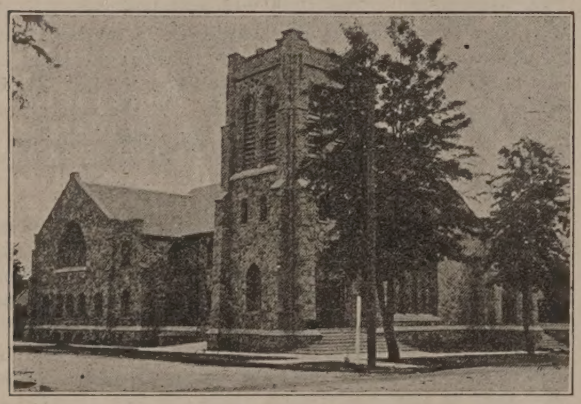
A Foxboro, Massachusetts news item in a Boston daily, chronicles the calling to the pastorate there of the Rev. W. Elsworth Lawson, and says: "No candidate for the pastorate here in many years has given greater satisfaction than Mr. Lawson. He has a fine pulpit presence and his sermons are excellent.

Next Monday the address at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be by the Rev. J. L. McLaughlin who has been in mission work in the Philippines, and for the last five years the agent there of the American Bible Society. The address will be illustrated by the most beautiful set of stereopticon views of those Islands ever produced, picturing the peoples and their customs and the riches and beauties of the country.

HOW THE NEW YEAR OPENED AT ONTARIO.

We are happy to report something of our doings at the beginning of the new year. It began most auspiciously for our church. On the 5th of January we received nine persons into the church, five of them on confession, of whom four were heads of families.

The ground for the new church building, a picture of which is given here, was broken October 17, 1911



and the first service held in the nearly completed edifice about December 8, 1912. The first services were held in the basement, and then in the Sunday School room. The church is built of split stone from a mountain wash and is Gothic in architecture with a strong Norman tower. It seats nearly a thousand people and will cost about forty five thousand dollars, three fourths of which is already paid in. It has every modern appointment and convenience, and the large Sabbath-school room accommodates about two hundred and fifty pupils. There are in it twenty one separate class room and a fine gallery, which when opened into the main auditorium, makes one continuous gallery; all parts equally near to the central pulpit. The entire structure gives the impression of strength and endurance, and every line is harmonious and pleasing.

The dedication took place on January 12th to 17th, occupying every evening for a week.

The sermon of dedication was a strong and fresh sermon from John 3:16 by Dr. Henry Kingman of Claremont. This took place in the afternoon, while in the evening a vigorous sermon was preached by Horace Porter of Riverside on "The Social Mission of the Church." The unique feature of the week was the dinner given to the builders of the church by the Brotherhood. Seventy one invitations were issued to the men who had any part whatever in the erection of the church, and nearly all responded by being present. The Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher of Los Angeles gave a most scholarly and appropriate address, which was listened to with closest attention, and gave them great pleasure. Tuesday evening the address by President Blaisdell of Pomona College was a brilliant effort, and was followed by other excellent speeches by Principal Hill and Professor Gagan of the Chaffey Union High School. The final and crowning service of the week was devoted to all the young people of the S. S., the Y. P. S. C. E, and the church. They filled the church and listened to most interesting beautiful and inspiring readings and stories from Mrs. William Douglas Turner of Pasadena. The entire week was most enjoyable and stimulating in interest, and brought to the church a great increase in attendance.

The new site of the church is much more central and already it has so far increased the congregations that the old structure would not contain them. Dr. Loba and his people now look forward with anticipation and prayer to a marked increase in the growth and power of the church in the community. We are to join with four other of the Ontario churches in a four week's series of evangelistic services under the leadership of Messrs Brown and Curry, beginning on the 23rd inst.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The annual banquet of the membership of the First Congregational Church of this city was given on Thursday evening, Jan. 16th, at which time the annual reports from all the departments of the work of the church—seventeen in number—were read, and the gratifying key note from every one was "progress," and an expressed desire for greater efficiency, and consecration. The financial condition of the church is excellent, as all bills for the year have been paid, leaving a balance in the treasury. The membership of the church on December 31st was 1063, and a resident membership of 901, the remainder being absentees from whom reports are received from time to time. The Sunday-school numbers 319, and additions to some of the classes occur almost every Sunday. In the interest of the Sunday-school the parish visitor investigated 246 unfortunate cases during the months of November and December. The Woman's Missionary Society and the Ladies' Aid Society were never more efficient than during the past year, each organization in its own specific field of work doing a greater amount than ever before.

Mr. James Steel, who has been a member of the church for more than fifty years, and who has served as a deacon a great deal of the time, was made Deacon Emeritus.

The trustees announced that a small endowment fund had been started.

In the closing address by Dr. Dyott emphasis was given to the fact that the outlook for the future of the church never seemed brighter than at the present time.

Rev. D. V. Poling, who served The Dalles Church for many years, but resigned a few months ago, was recently called by Pilgrim Church to act as pastor for a short time. There has been an unfortunate division in that church for most of the time for the past year, and the indications now are that Dr. Poling will be a strong factor in harmonizing

the divergent parties in the church.

Rev. D. B. Gray, D. D., and wife, were quite ill for several weeks recently, but are now improving in health, the former to such an extent that he is able to care for his work as Congregational City Missionary with his accustomed activity.

Rev. A. W. Bond, pastor of the Congregational Church at Vancouver, Washington, recently resigned and soon afterwards accepted a call to the Arleta Congregational Church of this city, the former pastor of that church, Rev. W. H. Meyer, having resigned to go into business.

Prof. Lester Burrell Shippee, head of the Department of Political and Social Science in Pacific University, Forest Grove, recently resigned that position to accept the same department in the Washington State College at Pullman. Prof. Harry W. Dahleen, a graduate of the University of Minnesota, has been engaged to take Prof. Shippee's place.

A fine spirit of enthusiasm pervades the Atkinson Memorial Church, Rev. Frank W. Gorman, pastor. Mr. Gorman is an all around man and is a good singer as well as a preacher. A Men's Brotherhood was recently organized, with forty members, and plans are being perfected which will result in a very important improvement in the house of worship. This church has one of the largest Sunday-schools in Portland in proportion to its adult membership.

The Congregational Churches of the city enjoyed a real treat today because of the presence in their respective pulpits of the representatives of the American Board and others, who are in the city to take part in the "American Board Institute" which will hold an all-day session to morrow. Following will be the speakers: Rev. Brewer Eddy, Secretary of the American Board, Boston; Rev. Charles S. Storrs, Jr., Foochow Mission, China; Rev. Robert Chambers, Western Turkey Mission; Mrs. George B. Cowles, American Zulu Mission, South Africa; Rev. H. Melville Tenney, Pacific Coast Secretary of the American Board; Mrs. Bell Hoge, representing the W. B. of M. of the P. Portland, Feb. 2, 1913.

The Home.

A FATHER.

My child, those earnest eyes of blue
Have seen me grow more strong and true
  Than I had thought to be:
My care and toil in training you
  Have educated me.
I dared not do a vicious deed:
I dared not drop a harmful seed
  In soil so fresh and pure;
And so, because your soul had need,
  My better soul is sure.

LITTLE GRAINS OF SELFISHNESS.

Christine Terhune Herrick.

All mothers and many wives are supposed to be unselfish. Are you?

Perhaps you have never thought much about it, but have taken it for granted that you value the happiness and comfort of others more than your own.

Suppose we begin with a direct personal examination. How about your temper? Do you keep that in good control? Or do you snap out at your children or your husband when you happen to be busy or tired or worried?

"For the love of mercy, shut that door. Do you think I want all the flies in the country in my kitchen?"

Does that have a familiar sound? I have heard something much like it in a number of families. But is it kind to put your request that the door should be closed in that sharp form, rendered more severe, probably, by the tone in which it is spoken? It may be easier to scold than to speak gently, but does that render it any less selfish? You make other persons uncomfortable because it is less trouble than to command your voice and your speech. Selfishness Number One.

Another like it is sulkiness or sullenness and springs from the same source—an imperfectly controlled temper.

"My husband was never sullen during all the fifty years of our married life," I heard a woman say once, and I thought at the time it could be put alongside of the epitaph written by a man above his wife, "She was so pleasant!"

Are you sullen when things go the wrong way? Do you ever cherish a "gloom"?—to use an expressive bit of slang. Has it occurred to you how abominably selfish it is for you to indulge your own tendency to depression when the cloud on your face darkens the day for all about you?

Silence is a third form of selfishness. I don't mean that you need to keep up a constant gabble, but that with you—if you are the wife and mother—lies the pleasant conduct of any meal or family gathering. You strike the keynote for the rest. If you will not take the trouble to rouse yourself from lassitude or annoyance or worry to make conversation, to chat happily about matters which will interest the rest of the household and lead them to agreeable talk, what is your silence but selfishness?

Along the same line is another of the most painful forms of self-indulgence—sensitiveness.

We all know the sensitive woman! She is easily hurt, she accepts slights, whether they are meant or not; she applies to herself critical remarks not intended for her; one must always be on the lookout not to wound her feelings. What is such sensitiveness but selfishness? She is so busy thinking about herself and her precious feelings that she cannot consider the comfort of anyone else, and her excuse—which should be her shame—is "I am so sensitive?"

If you have been in the habit of saying that, change the phrase and say, "I am so selfish!" and see if you repeat the remark quite so often or with such complacency!

All these four points of selfishness are, in a way, personal. How about the more active forms of selfishness? Are any of these to your account?

Do you think more of your home than of the people who live in it? If you do, how does your preference show itself?

One such display of selfishness may take the shape of strict system. Now, I, myself, have a strong regard for system, and think it ought to be part of every housekeeper's stock in trade, but there is such a thing as carrying it too far and converting it into a nuisance.

For example, the system which makes it a crime to be late at meals. That I hold to be a most uncomfortable form of selfishness.

"But aren't the people who are late selfish, too?"

Certainly they are! But we are not talking about them now? We are speaking of you, the wife and mother. Don't you think it is selfish for you to have a "grouch" when your husband is delayed or the children have been playing and have forgotten the hour? Do you think it teaches consideration for others when you fret all during a meal because someone has been hindered in getting there on time? I acknowledge that it is very trying to think the dinner has been injured by standing, but in the name of common sense, isn't it bad enough without making people unhappy mentally besides? Do you believe crossness on your part really inclines them to be more prompt next time, and even if it does, do you wish to win that promptness through their fear of you? Try if you don't get better results by a gentle protest than by scolding and nagging.

Selfishness Number Six may be an unwillingness to have company.

I don't refer to big functions, but chance guests. Was there ever a man who did not glory in feeling that he could take home a friend to a meal when he pleased? It is a very simple pleasure—the sort we like to encourage in the men belonging to us—but do you grant it? Or are you selfish enough to think of the trouble to you when your husband or one of your children brings in a friend to dinner? I know it may make work, but are not the comfort and happiness, the love of home the privilege fosters, worth effort and inconvenience? Aren't you selfish when you refuse it?

Try not to be selfish when he wants to read his paper, with the shades up and the blinds open. Naturally, you like the house kept dark. All housekeepers do, and all men hate it. Consider if you have any really good reasons for your wish or if it is not rather selfish for you to be unwilling to resign the drawn shades and curtains, the closed blinds, at such times as your husband is made more comfortable by the glare of light you dislike.

If you have young people in the house, do you always stay awake at night until they come in and then tell them about it next morning? This is as objectionable a form of selfishness as I know, and I advise you to vanquish it at once.

"I never close my eyes until I know everyone is in the house," I have heard mothers say, and they apparently thought their course showed great devotion and self-sacrifice. It doesn't do anything of the kind! They merely destroy the enjoyment of evening outings and make people feel ill at ease and guilty. How would you like it yourself? Did you have it when you were young and did you find it agreeable?

Selfishness Number Nine—which might also have been Number One, Two and Three and several more from its viciousness—is Nagging! Do you nag?

Scolding, when deserved, is permissible; admonition and caution are often necessary and desirable, but nagging is intolerable and inexcusable. And when you come down to it, you nag not so much for the reason that the thing you condemn is actually bad, as because you don't like it! There's a big difference, too!

Have I put it all on the mother? If so, it is because you are the head and front of the family so far as demeanor and discipline are concerned, the one who holds the happiness and comfort of the household in your hands and sets the example the others will follow. They will be affected and moved to imitation when you lay aside points of selfishness and put in their place points of thoughtfulness and consideration.

Gentleness of speech is perhaps the most important of these. This blesses you who give and the others who take, since it leads them to corresponding kindliness. The soft answer turns away wrath now as well as it did in Solomons' time.

Understanding is another point of unselfishness—the comprehension which is not wounded when hurt is not meant, no matter what the spoken word may nave been, the self-forgetting love which grasps a situation and meets it without explanation.

"You always understand!" When that has been said to you have you not felt it about the highest praise you could win?

Twin sister to this unselffishness is tolerance, which is ready to permit others to differ and to hold opposite views without clashing and resentment. Close to these is the readiness to forgive.

"My dear father forgives as we like to hope God forgives," a friend told me once. "When I go to him and say I am sorry for a wrong I have done, that ends it. He has blotted out as a thick cloud my transgression. There is no 'hang-over'!"

"Mother, you make it very hard for me to ask your pardon," I heard a boy say. "When I tell you I am sorry—and it's not easy to do, either—you say, 'I hope you will be more careful next time,' or, 'I forgive you, but I feel you were very wrong to act as you did!' "

That mother thought too much of herself and, the injury she had received to grasp the sinner's point of view. She needed to learn unselfish forgiveness.

Interest—genuine interest in the affairs of others—is one of the grains of unselfishness which makes most for family happiness. If you are the right sort of mother, you probably have it. Keep it bright, by use. Enter into the sports and pursuits of your husband and children, as well as into their graver concerns, even though you don't care for the former.

"I go to all the games and simulate mad enthusiasm, but I have never been able to learn what it is all about," confessed a mother to me, returning from baseball game with her two sons, and I understood as never before the close and satisfactory relations existing between her and her children.

Does this seem alien to the unselfishness which stays at home cheerfully from pleasures it has not strength to share or in which circumstances forbid it to take part?

"My mother always feels hurt if she is not invited everywhere I am," complained a young married woman. "It makes her wretched to be left out of anything to which I am asked." The selfishness that thought first of personal gratification had been favored by the older woman until it had reached the point where denial of indulgence brought positive pain. Learn to be happy in the happiness of others while you are still able to acquire the habit.

One of the most popular elderly mothers I know is always the center of attraction at parties of young people because of the pains she takes to entertain them. She tells them stories, she asks them questions that lead them on to talk. "Grandmother is such fun!" they say. She possesses the variety of unselfishness that seeks to make other people contented in the way that pleases them—not in the way she herself would prefer.

With like examples of unselfishness I could go on indefinitely. The consideration which shows itself in such apparent trifles as recollecting and making a favorite dish for one of the family, that is not too self-absorbed to recg-

nize even concealed discomfort in another and to devise means of relief, that makes a talk at the breakfast table, despite aching head and racked nerves, that plans parties and merrymakings for the young people of the household—I could give many more than ten to offset the ten points of selfishness I have recorded. When you, who are mothers, conquer the latter and practice the former, you have done more than win victories for yourself. You have blazed the trail which may become a wide way for the feet of all the others in your households.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again
My duties wait for me,
They ever come in monotonous round,
Breakfast and dinner, and tea,
Smoothing the snow-white clothes,
Sweeping and dusting with care.
There is ever some task in my little home
To brighten it everywhere.
What may I claim for my duties' fee?
Are these endless rounds of tasks to be
Naught but a dull monotony,
Over and over again?

Over and over again
The sun sinks low in the west.
And always over and over again
The birds come back to the nest.
The robin sings to his loving mate,
Close, close to my cottage door,
The same glad song I have heard him sing
For many a day before.
What does the robin say to me?
If the heart is tuned to love's glad key,
No task can be dull monotony,
Though over and over again.

—Ada Simpson Sherwood.

TRIUMPHANT INACTION.

The height of human courage is not always reached in the daring things that men do. It is attained quite as often, perhaps even oftener, in the things which we do not do. Our utmost of confidence and power may be shown in times when we just do nothing at all. The great "dares" are those in which our conscience or the voice of God bids us be strong enough to hold our hands. In all the words of Christ, and in the latter words of his apostles, we are often told to do nothing under circumstances where it taxes our courage and fortitude to the utmost to obey. One does not fairly take in, because of the very familiarity of it, the astounding character of some of these commands to inaction.

When Paul says, "In nothing be anxious," nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand will let the saying fall weak and flat upon their hearing and will have no idea of what a revolutionary and amazing word they are listening to. They will instantly water it down to a vague generality which declares that anxiety is a painful and disagreeable thing and that it is well to lessen it as much as we can. And many daring believers often do not rise to Paul's position, that it is to be absolutely put out of the way, and that that there is not a single situation in which we are to feel anxiety. We do not realize what complete, wholesale, and inclusive vigor may go into the word nothing, or how that negative word, which seems like the height of exaggeration, is a cool, firm, and exact word, and the only one the apostle wanted. It takes superhuman courage to act upon it. In nothing, in no circumstances that you can name or imagine, is the Christian to be anxious. If anxiety is the only activity he can engage in, then let him engage in none. There is nothing in the world that can be set forward by it. It sounds almost insane.

But there is a vent for the pent-up feelings, and the desire to do something. If in nothing we are to be anxious, it does not mean that we are reduced to paralysis. In everything we are to let our requests be known to God with prayer and supplication. No anxiety, but no standstill either. Absolute inactivity in the direction our pent-up feelings usually go, but instant and constant activity in another. And we shall find that nowhere do we have to school ourselves with a firmer hand than in just this matter of doing nothing. Of course doing nothing pure and simple is impossible. We can only refrain from doing by having a great alternative on which to work.

The "nothings" of the new life will put us on our mettle. The inaction which the gospel again and again prescribes is almost beyond us whose first impulse is to do something about everything. When Paul says, "Let nothing be done through strife or vain-glory," how much human activity he cuts out at a stroke and condemns in a word. Now most of us are so impregnated with a false natural idea that strife is an incentive, and putting one's self forward is absolutely necessary, that we can hardly imagine what life would be without it. Many a tired heart would gladly enough cease from the rivalries and intrigues and schemings which are wearing it out, if it only dared. It hates these plottings, this care of one's own dignity and this struggle for notice and prominence, but it has not the courage to let them go. But if it knew that not one abiding thing had ever been accomplished by it, that it was all sheer waste and deficit, if it only knew that when in lowliness of mind each esteems other better than himself he is steadily building up his own life, if he knew all this he might dare to drop these useless and burdensome things.

Thomas Carlyle said of his father that "the things he had nothing to do with he did nothing with." It was a great tribute. There are things which we have nothing to do with, like the morrow and anxiety and rivalry, but we are always trying to do something with them, until by sad experience we are convinced that they are not in any man's line and nobody can accomplish anything with them. To fail in them is no real failure, because no one could ever succeed in them.

We must not suppose that only those hours count in which we are aggressively and actively busy. There are situations where waiting is the soul of achievement. There is as much brillancy in the things that some men do not do as in anything they ever do, while some others neutralize their best efforts by not daring to omit some particular things. We like to think of ourselves as equal to any emergency, but there are emergencies to which we can be equal only by keeping silence, by restraining anger and by doing nothing. That word nothing speaks of great curative properties.

In our Christian life there come pauses and periods where activity is not the best thing for us. When we are

exhausted or when we are out of health and there comes on that old teasing desire to do something, we triumph by resisting it. There are times when there is not much left in us, and it is a victory to know it and act upon it. There are fallow times when the soul is recovering itself. There are times when it is not our turn, and the temporary withdrawal of our own force lets that of others come into needed play. There are times when forces are already at work which simply need to be left to themselves like the forces of nature. These pauses in life are not to be viewed with suspicion, or passed in fretfulness and restlessness.

One learns, too, that there are a good many questions which settle themselves if let alone, and the constant desire to intervene and act and make our force felt in all situations is an impulse to be restrained. Our manhood will often seem to be in question, our courage will seem to be deficient many a time, but we must be willing to let it seem so. The highest courage is shown in our not daring to do some things. And so we must not let every criticism, every affront, and every hindrance draw us into action or speech. Christ's silence before Herod was the most telling influence Herod had ever met. And so with us in our degree, our failure to act or respond or do anything in the face of some trying ordeals throws more light on them and more truly conquers them than our intensest activity.—Sunday School Times.

The City's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision:
For death the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes these gates elysian,
But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
The golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

THE GLORY OF LIVING.

"I just cannot get that old algebra lesson; there's no use trying any longer," said Ben, pushing his book away and picking up a paper.

"My boy," said Uncle Ben from his big chair, "do you know what a habit you have of getting discouraged easily and giving up? Four times this evening I have heard you say you could not do something because it was a little hard to do. General Armstrong once said that the glory of living was doing things that couldn't be done. If you stop to think of it a minute you will see that it is true. Any one can do easy things, but it takes real determination and strength and ability to do what can't be done. When you make up your mind in dead earnest that you can and will do a thing, you generally find a way to overcome all obstacles.

" 'A wood-chuck can't climb,' General Armstrong said, but once a wood-chuck was chased by a dog until he came to a tree. He had never supposed he could climb, but he just had to now, so he did. When you come to anything in your studies, your work or your play that seems impossible to you, just think of the General's wood-chuck.

"It is told of Mungo Park, the great traveler that once he fell exhausted in the desert. It seemed to him that he could not possibly take another step even if his life depended upon it. But as he lay there he spied a tiny shrub which was nourishing itself on a particle of moisture. Somehow it gave him courage. 'If that can live, I can,' he exclaimed, as he sprang up and set forth again—this time to success.

" 'My friends,' said the old colored preacher, 'perseverance am, fustly, taking hold; secondly, holding on; thirdly and lastly, nebber letting go.'

"The next time you are tempted to give up because a thing is hard, remember the story of Schley. He was sent, you know, to the rescue of the Greeley Artic expedition. He found the commander apparently dying of starvation in his sleeping bag on the ice.

" Greeley, is that you? they called.

" 'Yes,' came the feeble reply. 'Seven of us left; here we are lying like men—did what we came for.'

"A spirit like that makes a glorious thing of life; try to cultivate it, my boy.

"There's another thing I do not like to see: a man or boy thinking more about getting big pay than he is of really earning it. A farmer's boy went to the city and secured a position on a railroad. He was faithful and a good worker and rose steadily until he had a fine position. Then he went home for a visit. His father, of course, was deeply interested to know all about his boy's success in life.

" 'What did you say they called you now?' he asked.

" 'General freight agent.'

" 'That sounds sort of big.'

" 'Yes,' answered the son, 'and it is rather a big job.'

" 'How much do they pay you?" was the next query.

"But when the son told what salary he had the father was speechless at first, then he looked anxiously into his boy's face.

" 'Are you sure you are worth it, Steve?' he said.

"And the boy who had been brought up to do faithful, honest work answered gravely: 'I try to be, father; and they think I am.'

"That's the spirit to cultivate—try to be honestly worth something to the world; and, as Emerson says, 'If you can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than your neighbor, though you build your house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to your door."—Kate S. Gates, in Christian Intelligencer.

For The Children.

THE SKYLARK'S BARGAIN.

It was nearly bedtime, and little Robert was sitting in the kitchen gazing into the fire. " Apenny for your thoughts my boy," said his mother. "Ah! said Robert, "my thoughts just then were worth more than a penny. I was thinking about hundreds and hundreds of dollars; I was thinking if only I were rich, mother, how I would take you to live in a big house, and keep horses and motor cars, and buy as many sweets and toys and nuts as ever I wanted. Mother, I would give anything if only I could make my fortune."

His mother did not answer, and there was silence for a long time, until at last Robert said, "A penny for your thoughts, mammy, dear."

"Well, Robert," said his mother slowly, "I was just thinking of the story of the bird who sold his wings."

"What sort of a bird was it asked Robert quickly.

"Why, said his mother, "let me think; yes, it was a skylark. And this skylark," she went on, "was awfully fond

of worms. He used to say he would give anything if only he could always make sure of getting as many worms as he could eat. Well, one day as he was flying right up in the sky, he looked down and saw something rather unusual traveling along the cart-track which ran through the forest. Feeling curious, the skylark dropped lower and lower, until at last he saw—O wonder!—he saw a tiny coach, painted black, with red blinds and yellow wheels, drawn by two great magpies. Walking in front of the coach was an old man, very little and very ugly, wearing a black coat with red trousers and yellow stockings. He carried a bell, and as he walked he kept swinging this bell and shouting:

" 'Who will buy? Who will buy?
I am selling in all weathers
Fine and fat and juicy worms,
In exchange for skylarks' feathers.'

" 'Good morning, my young friend,' said the old man, as the skylark stood in the pathway, 'and what can I do for you?'

" 'How much are they?' asked the skylark.

" 'Two for a feather, my child, and the coach is nearly full of them.'

" 'Are they fresh?'

" 'All gathered this morning, my pretty bird.'

"The skylark gave a painful little tug at his wing, and dropping the feather into the old man's hand, he said, 'Two, please.'

"As the coach passed on he felt rather guilty, but he enjoyed his feast, and was pleased to find afterward that no one noticed the missing feather.

"The next day he flew with his father.

" 'My son,' said the old skylark, as they rose higher and higher until they were far above the tops of the tallest trees in the forest, 'my son, I think we skylarks should be the happiest of birds. We have such brave wings. See how they carry us up into the blue sky and lift us nearer and yet nearer to God.'

" 'Yes,' said the little skylark, 'yes.' But all the time he was watching a tiny speck which crept like a black beetle far below on the forest track, and he thought, 'There! I've missed the coach!'

"The following day the little skylark plucked another feather, and it came out so easily that he pulled two more after it. Then he waited close to the cart-worn track. Soon he heard the ringing of a bell and the shouting of a hoarse voice:

" 'Who will buy? Who will buy?
Surely we can come to terms.
In exchange for skylarks' feathers
I am selling luscious worms.'

" 'Three here,' said the skylark, as the old man stopped the coach.

" 'Very good, sonny, very good indeed. That will be nine worms,' and then, with a chuckle, he added, 'and here is another for luck.'

" 'My word!' thought Skylark, 'that's a bargain.' And so the skylark became a regular customer.

"He found after a bit that he could not fly so high; but he did not greatly mind that, there was less fear of the coach passing without being seen.

"But one day, when his poor wings were thin and torn and ragged, he suddenly felt he had been making a terrible mistake. He tried to fly up into the sunshine, but he fell back like a stone to the earth.

"And then he had an idea. He said, 'Dear me, of course, Why did I not think of it before? That is what I will do.' Day and night he searched and gathered and stored, and then he hid himself in the long grass and waited for the coach passing without being seen.

" 'Please, sir,' said the skylark, stepping in front of the coach, 'I want to know how many feathers you will give me for all these worms.'

Then the old coachman laughed, and set off again at once, saying over his shoulder, 'Worms for feathers' is my business, sonny, not 'Feathers for worms.' "

"And what was the end of it, mother?" asked Robert.

"The skylark died, dear, and was buried under the green turf. And now they say that every summer the older birds take the young ones, and they fly mournfully about the grave and as they fly one bird calls to another:

" 'Here there lies a foolish skylark;
Hush your note, each bird that sings!
Here there lies a poor lost skylark,
Who for earthworms sold his wings!' "

There was a long quiet in the kitchen, and then a boy's voice:

"Mother, did I say I would give anything to be rich?"

"You did, Robert."

"Well, then, mother, I wouldn't and I wouldn't and I wouldn't!" With that he kissed her, and climbed up the narrow, creaky staircase to his little bed.—Joyful News.

HOW TO MAKE TIME FLY.

Bertie was very cross and miserable because he had to do his lessons. He had thrown his books peevishly on the table and had ruffled his hair in a fit of temper, and had stamped upon the floor and had done other foolish things, and now he was standing at the window looking out moodily upon the lawn. How slowly the time went by! Tick, tick, tick! What a slow, stupid old clock it was. Why did it not go faster? It seemed ages since ten o'clock, and yet it was only eleven now! Another hour and a half before lunch.

His father entered the room and looked at him sadly. "Tired of doing nothing, Bertie?" said he. "Come out on the lawn with me, and I will show you something."

They walked out together, and Bertie's father showed him the birds darting hither and thither, the sparrows and starlings in the eaves, and the rooks high up in the great trees, and the robins among the hedges. Then he asked Bertie to listen to Tom, the stable boy, whistling and singing merrily as he went about his work.

"Do you know why they are so happy?" Bertie, he asked.

Bertie shook his head.

"It is because they are busy doing something. The birds are building their nests. Tom is doing his duty in the stable. It is God's law that we can not be happy unless we are at honest work. Now try it for an hour, and see how the time slips by."

Bertie's face brightened. He felt interested to see how the experiment would succeed. He went in and set himself to learn the second and third declensions in Latin, walking to and fro as he did so. By the time he had accomplished his task he looked up, expecting to see that half the time had gone. He could hardly believe his own eyes. The hand of the clock pointed to half-past twelve! He had been so busy that he had not even heard it strike the hour.—Sunday-School Advocate.

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A traveling man lately wandered into a remote hotel that doesn't keep a dictionary, and on coming down in the morning was asked by the landlord how he rested.

"Oh," replied the gentleman, "I suffered nearly all night from insomnia."

The landlord was mad in a minute and roared: "I'll bet you two dollars there ain't one in my house!"

"O, dear," sighed small Elmer, "I wish I had another pocket!" "You have several now," rejoined his mother. "Why do you want another?" "I've looked through all of them for my knife," explained Elmer, "but I couldn't find it. If I had another it might be in that."—Chicago News.

A boy was one day telling his companions about a great dinner at which he was present. He told them about the lovely things he had to eat.

"And I suppose ye had napkins," said a bystander.

"We had, of course," he answered; "the best you ever tasted."—Tit-Bits.

AMERICAN BOARD INSTITUTES.

Itinerary of the Two Teams in the Pacific Coast District.

Team No. 1.

Walla Walla, Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 22-23.

Everett, Jan. 29, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Tacoma, Jan. 30-31, Thursday evening, Friday afternoon and evening.

Forest Grove, Feb. 5, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

San Jose, Feb. 12, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Claremont, Feb. 19 or 20, Wednesday or Thursday afternoon and evening.

Combined Teams.

Spokane, Wash., Saturday to Tuesday, Jan. 18-21.

Seattle, Wash., Saturday to Tuesday, Jan. 25-28.

Portland, Oregon, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 1-4.

Sacramento and Stockton, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 8-10.

San Francisco Bay region, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 15-18.

Los Angeles, Cal., Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 22-25.

Team No. 2.

Colfax, Jan. 21, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

North Yakima, Jan. 24, Friday afternoon and evening.

Snohomish, Jan. 28, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

Bellingham, Jan. 29, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Vancouver, Jan. 30, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Corvallis, Feb. 5, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Salem, Feb. 6, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Santa Cruz, Feb. 12, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Pacific Grove, Feb. 13, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Santa Barbara, Feb. 19, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Riverside, Feb. 21, Friday afternoon and evening.

San Diego, Feb. 25, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

Redlands, Feb. 26, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Speakers Available for Above Program.

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